

NO. 1

TM

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# GORE SLIP



VOLUME 2



**WARNING:**  
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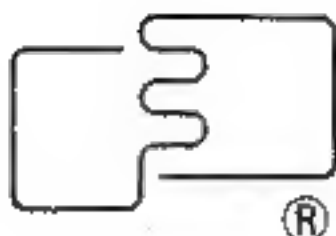


# GORE SHRIEK™


VOLUME TWO  
ISSUE NUMBER ONE

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INSIDE BACK COVER .....	Chas. Balun
BACK COVER .....	Bruce Spaulding Fuller
.....	Bruce Spaulding Fuller
LETTERING ON THE STORIES	
FUNNY FEATURE, DEMON DRINK,	
ALONE AND THE MAN WHO	
FELL ASLEEP . . . Mary Kelleher	

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HI-YA, FEAR FANS! YOU FLESHY ONES ARE A FUNNY BUNCH INDEED - SKIN TREATMENTS, MAKE-UP, FACE LIFTS, ALL FOR THE SAKE OF VANITY! YOU'LL GO TO QUITE SOME LENGTHS JUST FOR YOUR APPEARANCE. BUT THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE WHO ARE JUST DEEP DOWN 'DIFFERENT' - THOSE THAT'LL TRY ANYTHING TO FIT IN. AND THIS LITTLE YARN I'VE UNCOVERED FOR YOU IS ABOUT JUST SUCH A FELLOW. I'VE ENTITLED IT...

# FUNNY Feature.

Oh, please ... Please, I need HELP! I don't know how much more I can take!

If only you were to know my anguish and pains, the crushing depression which dwells within me!

Since I can remember people have stopped and gawked whenever I went out! KIDS, ADULTS, FAMILIES all pointing and taking photographs. I just want to be treated normally.



Why can't they just leave me ALONE!







Why?



Don't let my appearance  
startle you. This terrible visage  
is only the aftermath of my  
latest in a long line of 'CURES.'  
A cure which was sold to me  
by a figure from the shadows.

Another cure which failed  
to live up to expectations. Still  
I can't mix with the crowds.  
Still I must lead my lonely  
existence - alone, looking  
through the window!

Pssst!  
HEY, YOU! COME 'ERE!  
HOW'D YA LIKE A TRIP  
OUTTA THIS 'ERE  
CRAZY WORLD?

I'VE GOT A LITTLE SOMETHIN'  
TO SOLVE ALL YER PROBLEMS!

THERE'S A WHOLE  
NEW WORLD JUST  
WAITIN' FOR YA!

the GURCH 88





*It was only after I  
had paid the MAN that  
I noticed his SMILE!*

*JUST ENJOY  
YOURSELF!  
He! He! He!*



*I TOOK THEM! I knew  
the risks. Sure, film and  
media stars in the past had  
taken drugs which had led  
to their downfalls or untimely  
deaths. But, my case was  
different - or so I kept  
telling myself!*

*IT WORKED ... at first I  
was miraculously transformed.  
For those few hours I had  
become a whole new person!  
A proper member of the  
HUMAN RACE!*





... to my utmost **TERROR** I found it worked on a molecular-genetic level and due to my particular cellular and DNA combination...

... the effect was **SHORT-LIVED!**

My body and spirit suffered an agonizing return...

... to an agonized reality!

**GOD!**

**No! No!**

**No!**

**No!**





*Even now as I speak, my flesh  
is in a continuous flux. My entire  
being is reconstituting as my  
last dosage wears off...*



*...I can feel cells and  
tissues warping...*



*... muscles and bones  
twisting, changing...*

**YARGGGGCH!!!**

**I'M RETURNING!**





*The End*





# DEMAND DRINK

THIS LITTLE TALE CONCERNS A MR. IVOR TUTTI WHO IS NOTORIOUSLY KNOWN IN THESE PARTS OF THE LAND FOR HIS BELOW-AVERAGE I.Q. THIS COUPLED WITH HIS WEAKNESS FOR DRINK USUALLY LED TO IVOR BEING SHORT ON MONEY AS WELL AS WIT. ON MANY A NIGHT HE WOULD IDLE HIS TIME AWAY AT THE LOCAL, MAINLY BEING A NUISANCE.





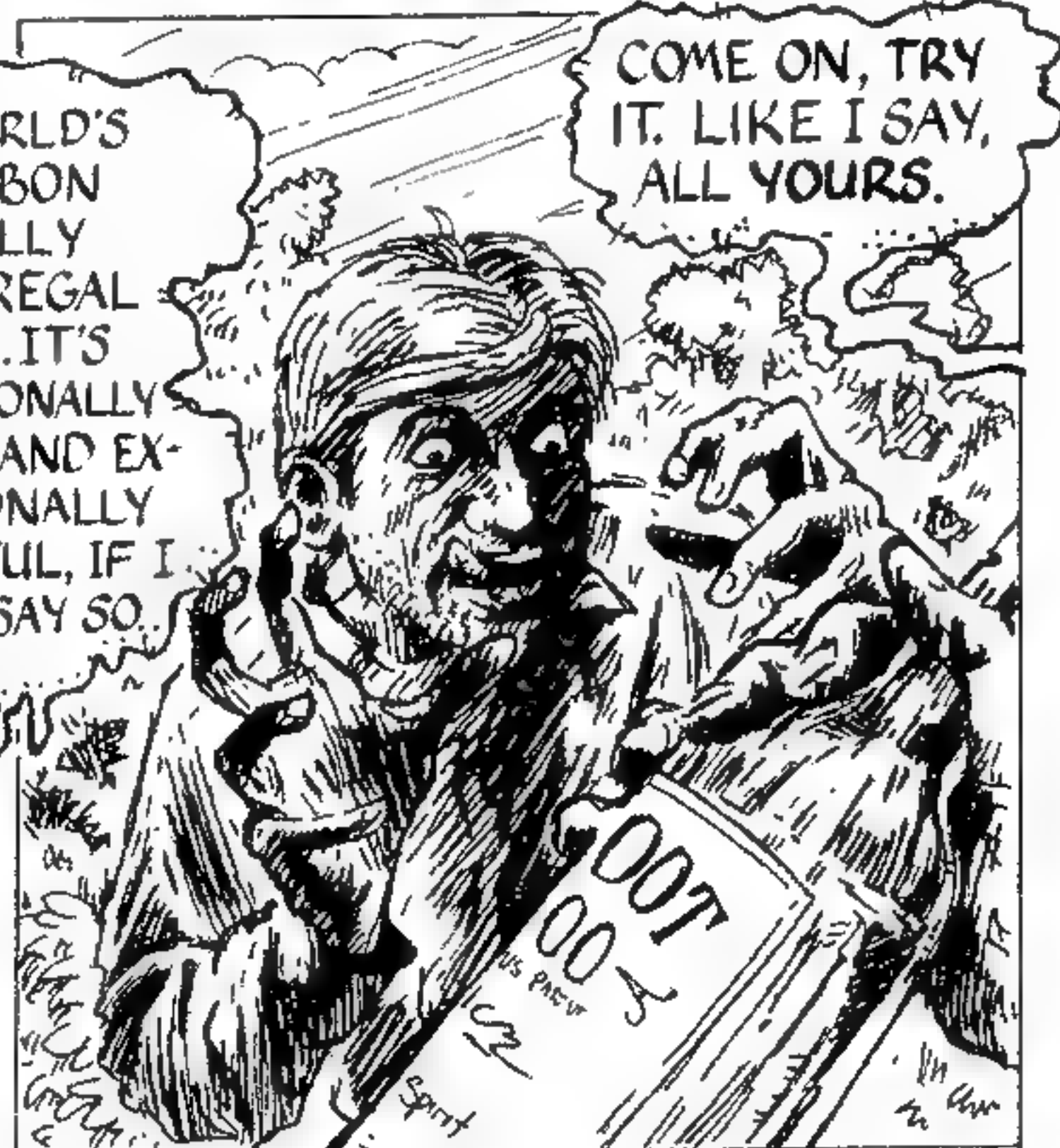






"the GURCH" 88

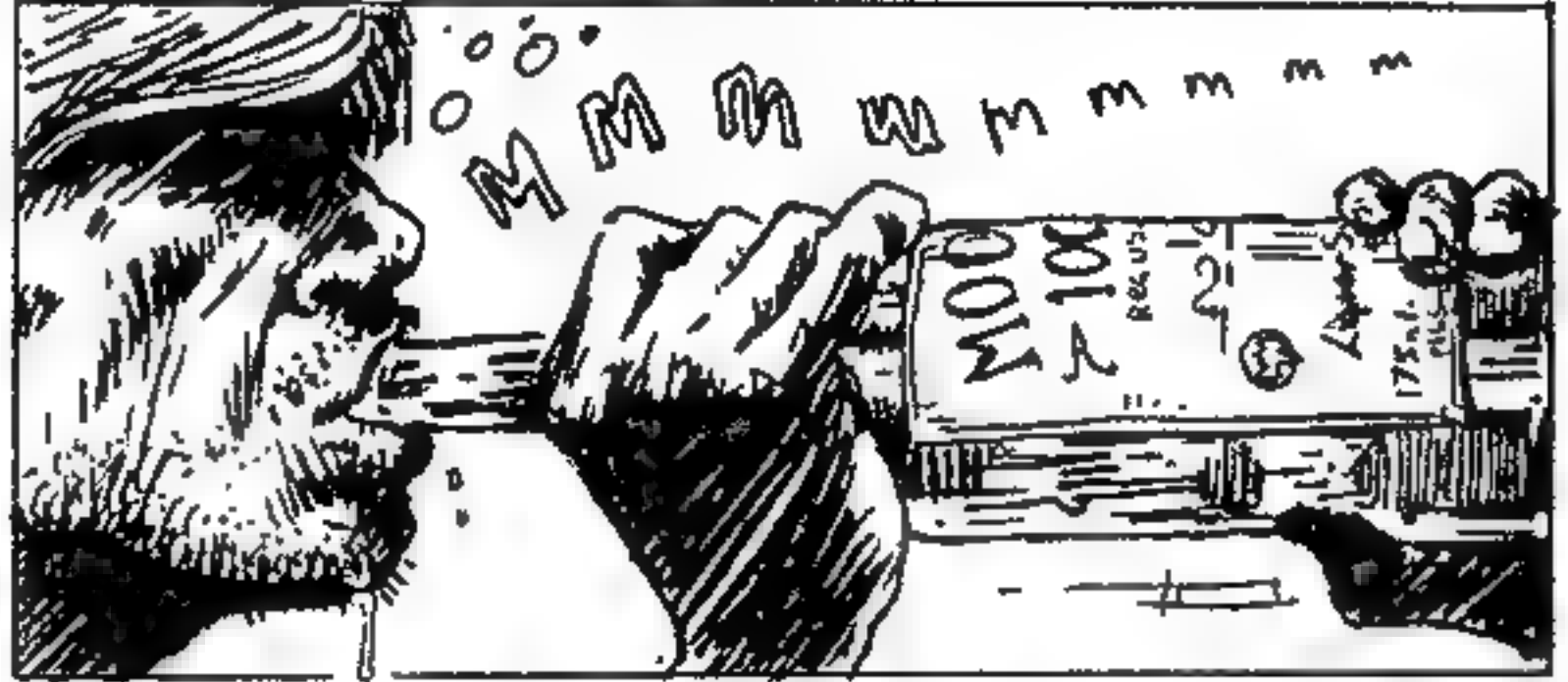








THE TEMPTATION WAS TOO MUCH FOR POOR IVOR WHO CAUTIOUSLY TOOK THE BOTTLE AND DRANK FROM IT GREEDILY.



AND ALL I ASK FOR IN RETURN IS YOUR SOUL.



IS THAR ALL!

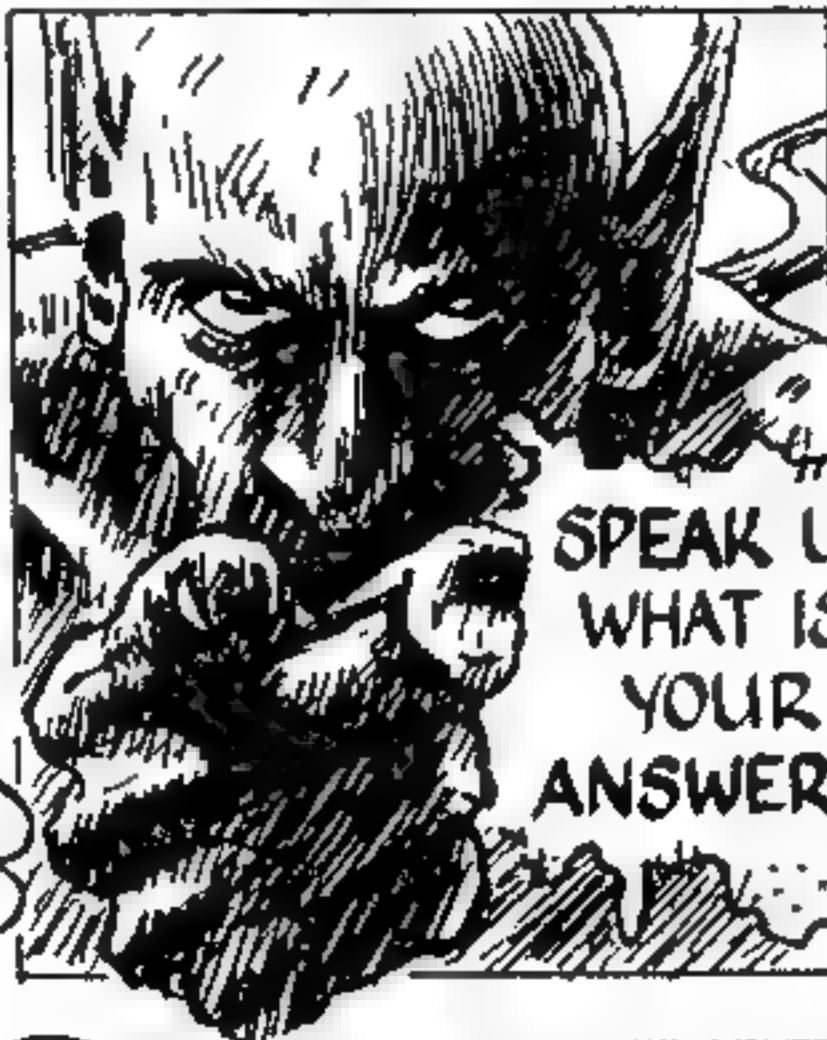


WHY, YES.



GLUG! GLUG!

WOW!



SPEAK UP. WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?



ER, WELL, I DUNNO WHO YOU ARE, MISTER, BUT YOU SHORE CURED ME HIC-CUPS...



N' YER DEAL SHORE SOUNDS VERY FAIR TA ME...

MAYBE IVOR'S BRAIN WAS A BIT CLOUDED FROM TOO MUCH DRINK. MAYBE IT WAS JUST PLAIN GREED. OR MAYBE HE JUST DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT HE WAS LETTING HIMSELF IN FOR. THE REPLY HE GAVE WAS...



YES!





A MOST WISE  
CHOICE INDEED, MY  
LITTLE FRIEND. NOW,  
IF YOU'D EXCUSE  
ME, I HAVE TO  
BE GOING.

YEP! YA  
SURE HAVE!

AND WITH THOSE WORDS A  
SUDDEN UNEXPLAINABLE BREEZE  
BLEW THROUGH THE WOODS.



AND FROM WITHIN IT  
THE FIGURE VANISHED.

HUH!  
WHERE'D  
HE GO?

B... BUT... BUT  
HE'S GONE N'  
FORGOTTEN TA TAKE  
MY SHOES!

NOPE, IVOR TUTTI WASN'T A VERY BRIGHT INDIVIDUAL AT ALL. COME TO THINK OF IT, HE COULDN'T EVEN HANDLE HIS SPIRIT, SO HOW THE HELL CAN HE DEAL WITH A DEMON!

**DAR END**





"Woo  
CATCH"





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Bissett





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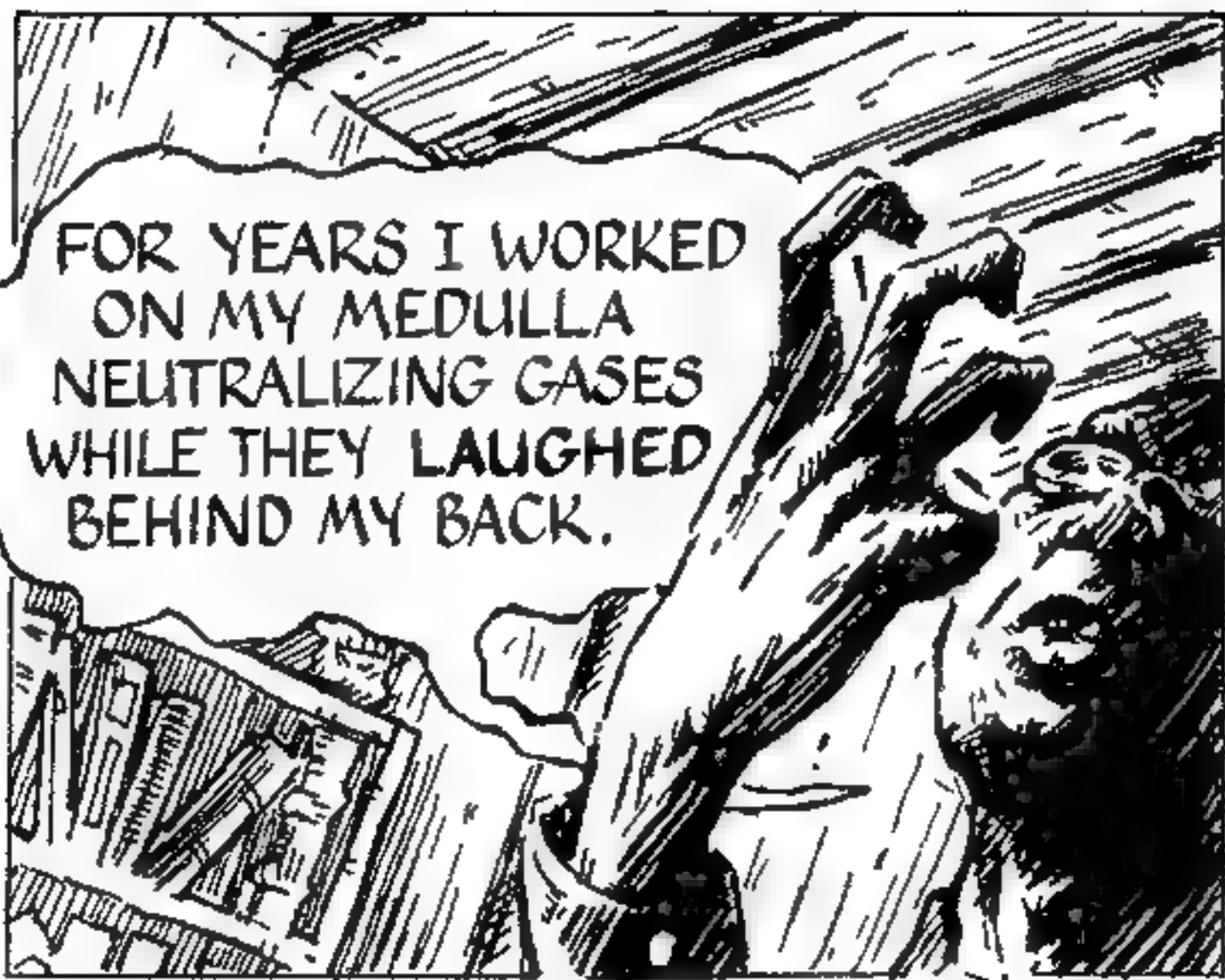









THOSE POOR,  
UNBELIEVING FOOLS.  
I SHOWED THEM!  
I ALONE PROVED  
THEM ALL  
WRONG!



FOR YEARS I WORKED  
ON MY MEDULLA  
NEUTRALIZING GASES  
WHILE THEY LAUGHED  
BEHIND MY BACK.



MOCK. HAR! MOCK  
ME NOW, FOOLS!  
FROM YOUR GRAVES!

ME! THE LAST  
SURVIVING HUMAN  
BEING ON THIS  
PLANET FOR...

... I KILLED THE WORLD!





# Captain Murderer

by Charles Pickens

**T**HERE ONCE WAS A FELLOW BY THE NAME OF CAPTAIN MURDERER. HIS NAME SEEMED TO HAVE EXCITED NO PREJUDICE AGAINST HIM, FOR HE WAS ADMITTED TO THE BEST SOCIETY, AND POSSESSED IMMENSE WEALTH. HIS MISSION WAS MATRIMONY, AND THE GRATIFICATION OF A CANNIBAL APPETITE WITH TENDER BRIDES...



**H**E MADE LOVE IN A COACH OF SIX AND MARRIED IN A COACH OF TWELVE. IN THIS WAY, HE PROSPERED, AND SECURED HIS WIVES.



**O**N HIS WEDDING MORNING, HE HAD THE WAY TO THE CHURCH PLANTED WITH CURIOUS FLOWERS...





WHEN THE FEASTING AND REVELLING HAD COME TO AN END, THE CAPTAIN PRESENTED HIS BRIDE WITH A SILVER PIE-BOARD AND GOLDEN ROLLING-PIN, AND BADE HER TO MAKE A PIE-CRUST.



HE THEN BROUGHT FORTH A QUANTITY OF FLOUR AND BUTTER AND EGGS – BUT, OF THE STAPLE OF THE PIE ITSELF, HE BROUGHT NONE.



DEAR CAPTAIN,  
WHAT PIE IS THIS  
TO BE?

A MEAT PIE.



BUT, HUSBAND, I  
SEE NO MEAT...



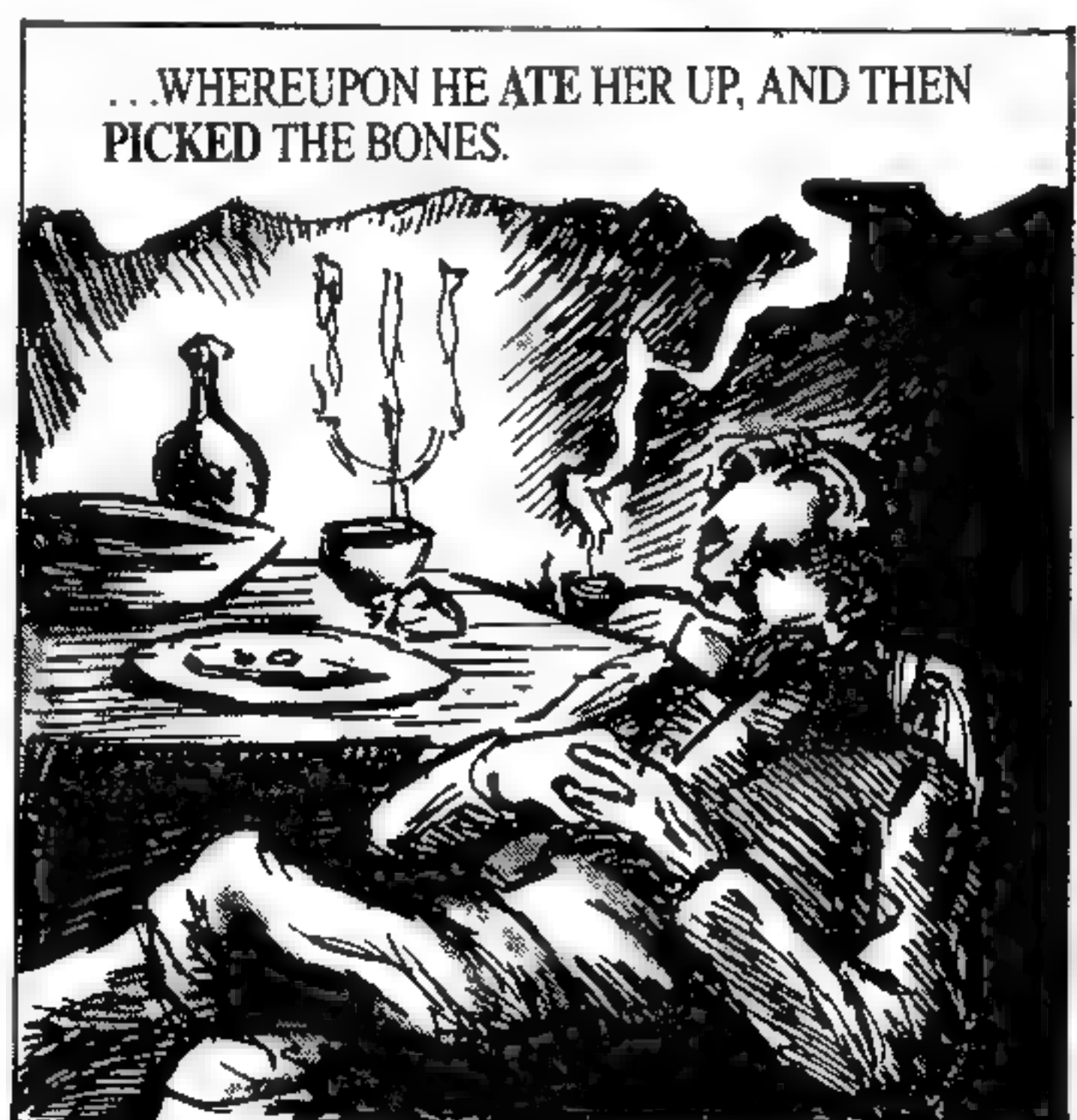
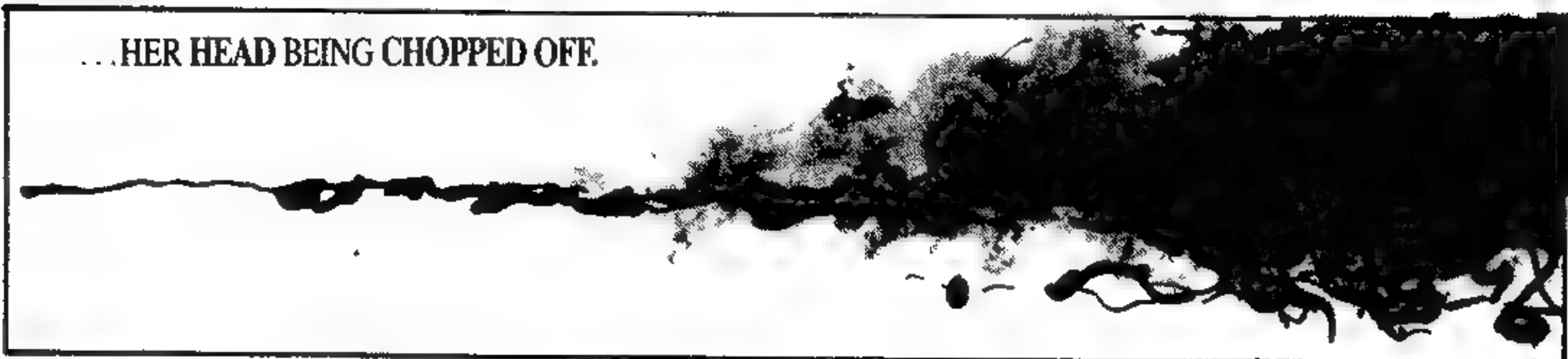
HERE, MY LOVE. LOOK IN  
THIS GLASS. YOU SHALL SOON  
SEE THE MEAT.



BUT...WHAT IS  
THIS? I STILL SEE  
NO MEAT...









IN THE DAYS AND WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, THE CAPTAIN EXPLAINED HIS WIFE'S DISAPPEARANCE IN ONLY THE VAGUEST OF TERMS. SUCH WAS HIS STANDING IN THE COMMUNITY, THAT HIS STORY WAS ACCEPTED WITHOUT QUESTION.



... BY EVERYONE, THAT IS, BUT FOR THE LATE BRIDE'S SISTER. RECALLING THE CAPTAIN'S JEST OF THE GARNISH AND THE HOUSE-LAMB, SHE HARBORED VAGUE MISGIVINGS.



THAT NIGHT, SHE CREPT UP TO THE CAPTAIN'S HOUSE, TO PEER THROUGH HIS WINDOWS...



... WHEREUPON SHE ESPIED THE CAPTAIN FILING HIS TEETH INTO SHARP POINTS.



IN THAT MOMENT, SHE KNEW THE TRUTH. HER HEART BURNED FOR **REVENGE!**



THE NEXT DAY...

DEAR CAPTAIN, I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED YOU! PLEASE, PLEASE MARRY ME!

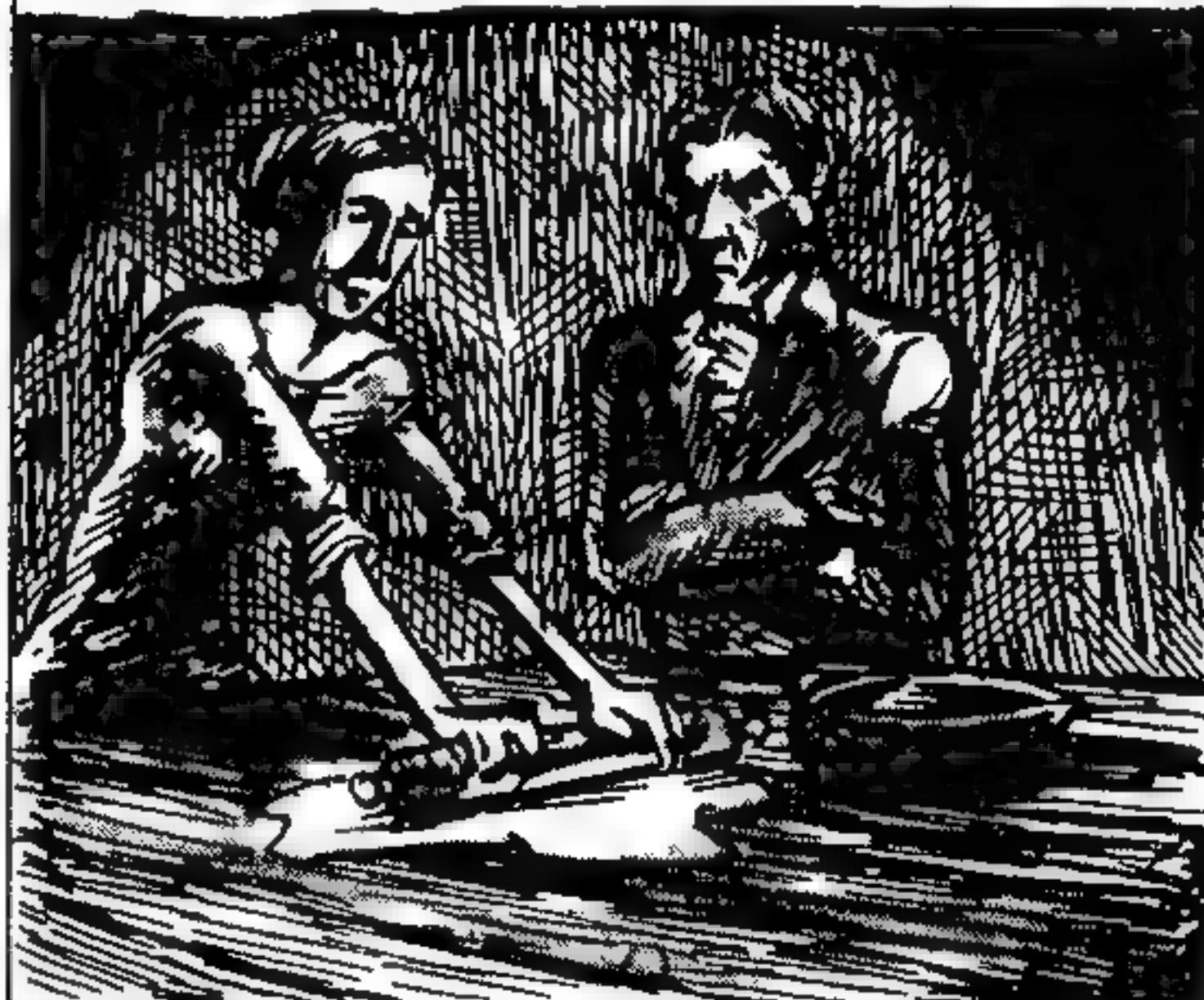




THE MARRIAGE WAS QUICKLY ARRANGED. AT THE WEDDING, THE CAPTAIN MADE THE SAME GRISLEY JEST CONCERNING THE GARNISH AND THE HOUSE-LAMB.



AND, AFTER THE WEDDING, THE SAME STRANGE RITUAL WITH THE SILVER PIE-BOARD AND 'GOLDEN ROLLING-PIN'...



... AND THEN THE SAME RITUAL OF **MURDER!**



AFTER THE MEAL, THE CAPTAIN TOASTED HIS LATE BRIDE, WITH THE GROWING FEELING OF BEING SLIGHTLY UNWELL...

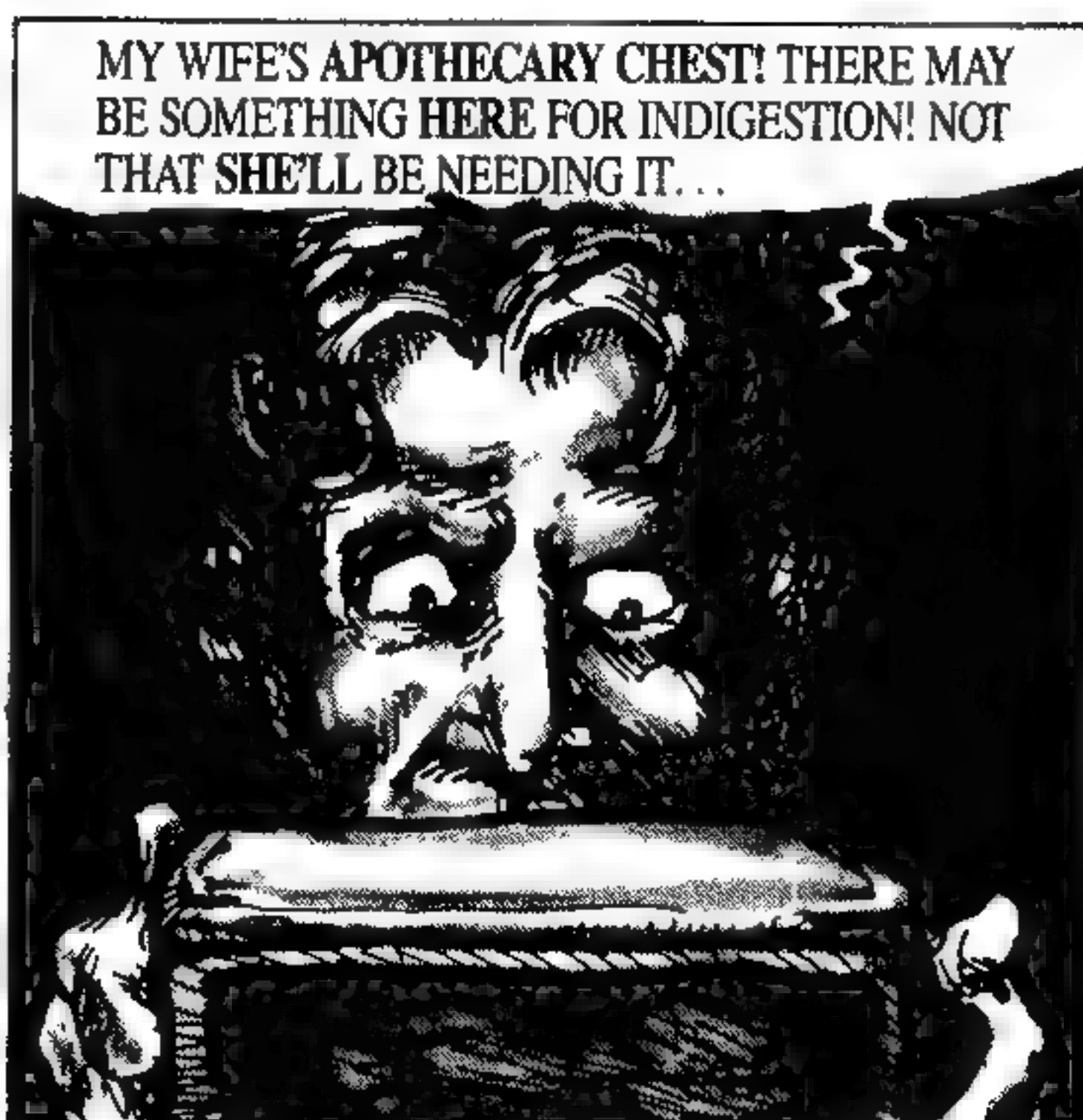


THE PAIN! GROWING IN MY BELLY! I NEED A TONIC! I NEED...

AH. I KNOW JUST THE THING...



MY WIFE'S APOTHECARY CHEST! THERE MAY BE SOMETHING HERE FOR INDIGESTION! NOT THAT SHE'LL BE NEEDING IT...



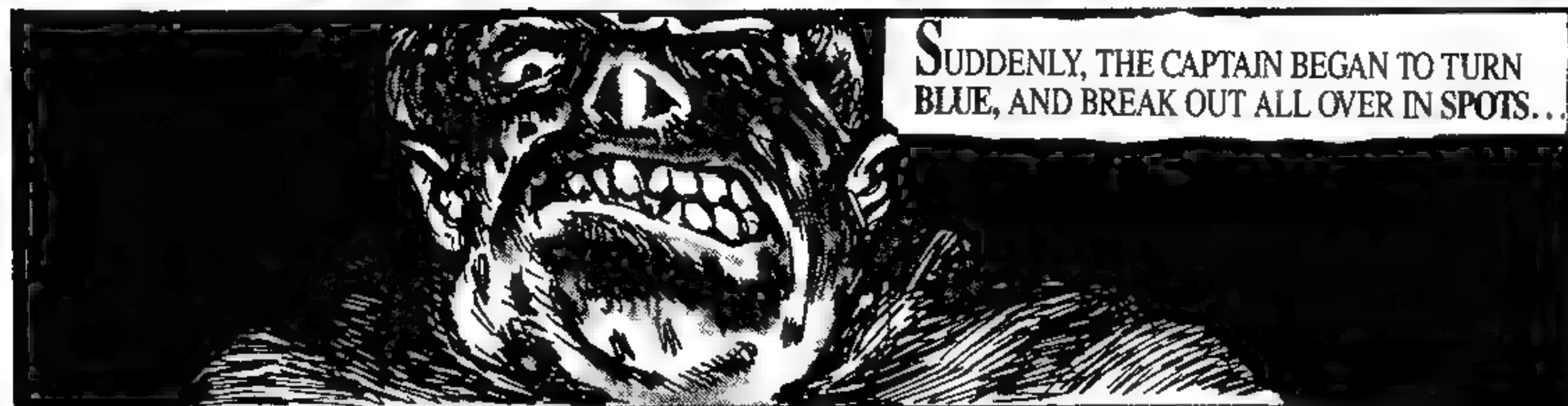




BUT...WHAT IS THIS?  
WHAT HAS THIS WOMAN  
BEEN TAKING?



A DEADLY POISON...  
DISTILLED OF TOAD'S  
EYES AND SPIDER'S  
KNEES...



SUDDENLY, THE CAPTAIN BEGAN TO TURN  
BLUE, AND BREAK OUT ALL OVER IN SPOTS...



...AND HE SCREAMED AS HE  
BEGAN TO SWELL...



AND SWELL...  
AND  
SWELL...  
AND  
SWELL...



THE EVENING AIR WAS,  
CUT BY A SHRILL  
YELL...AND A WET  
EXPLOSION...SIGNALING  
AN END TO THE VILE  
CAREER OF

*Captain  
Murderer.*

*The  
End*





# THE MAN WHO FELL ASLEEP.

BY GURCHAIN SINGH

THIRD FLOOR, PLEASE.

YAWN!

SCRITCH! SCRITCH!



SAY, I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU AROUND BEFORE. YOU MUST BE NEW HERE. I'M RUNNING A LITTLE LATE TODAY...

DOORS  
CLOSE  
OPEN



FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, DON'T JUST STAND THERE!













BUT IT FELT  
SO REAL, AS IF  
I WAS REALLY  
FALLING!



IT'S OVER NOW. I'D BEST  
GET SOME SHUTEYE AGAIN. IT'S  
A BIG DAY TOMORROW.



MUSTN'T BE  
LATE FOR  
WORK.

**YAWN!**



THIS IS MY  
CHANCE FOR  
PROMOTION.  
I'VE GOT TO  
WORK FOR IT,  
SHOW 'EM I CAN...



MURMUR  
MURMUR  
MURMUR



ZZZZ  
ZZZZZZZZ



WHERE'S  
MY  
BED?



THIS...THIS  
CAN'T BE  
HAPPENING!

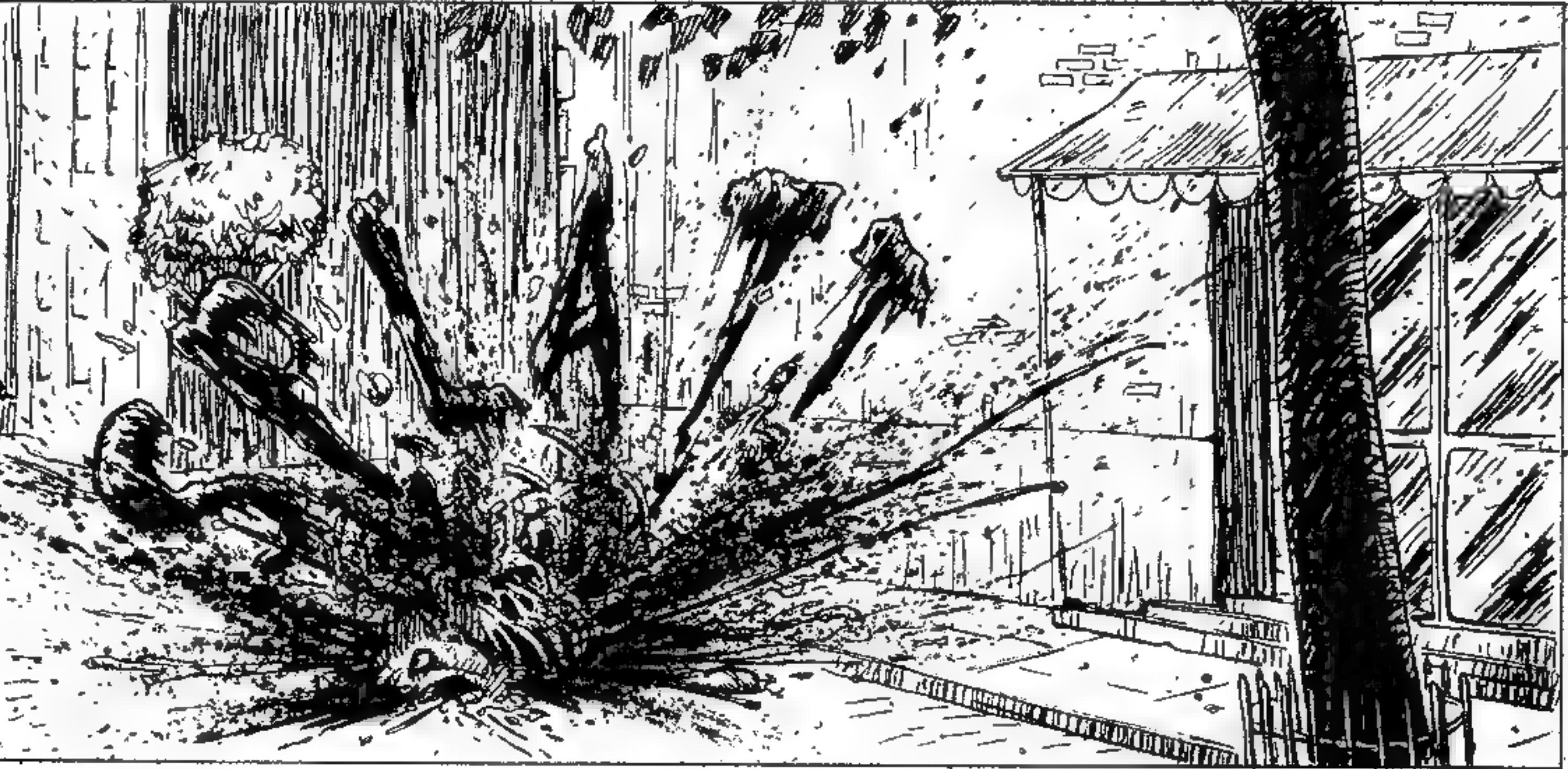
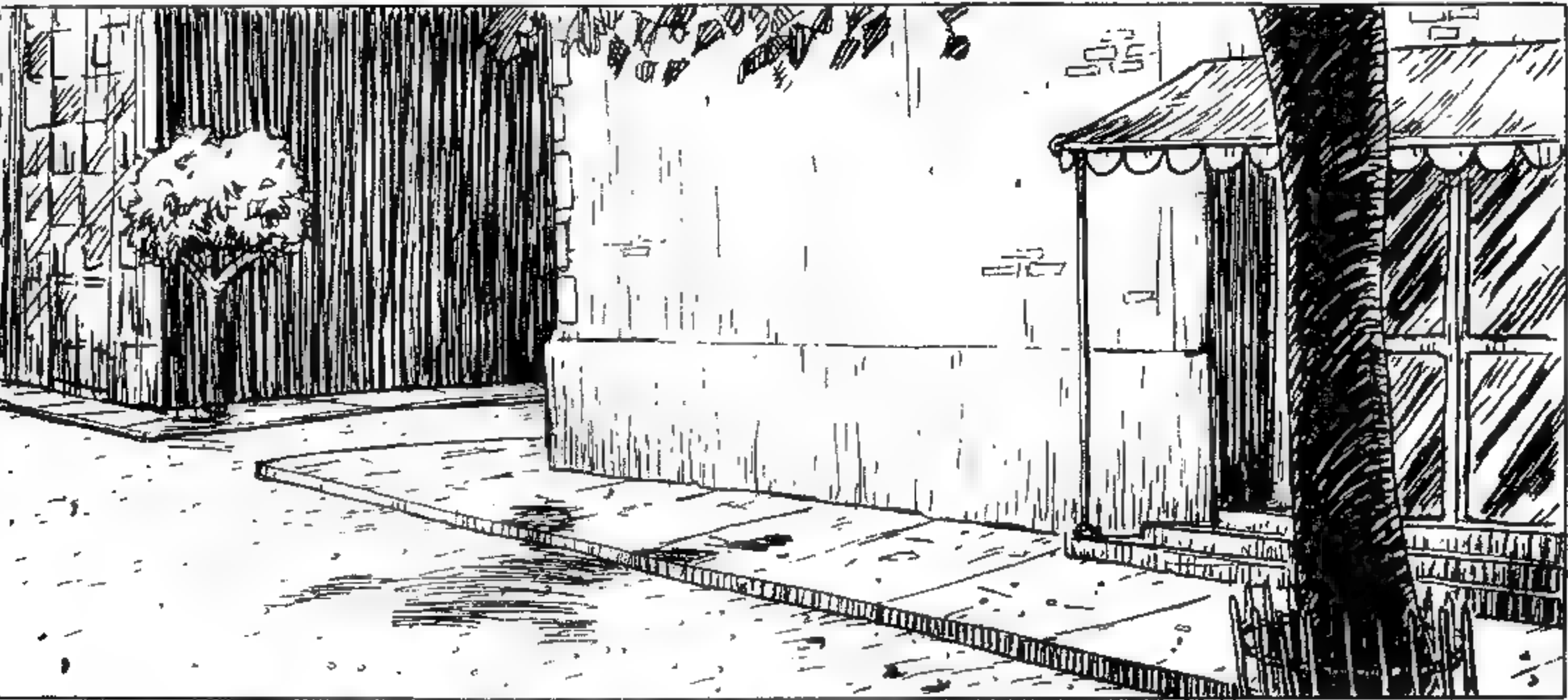
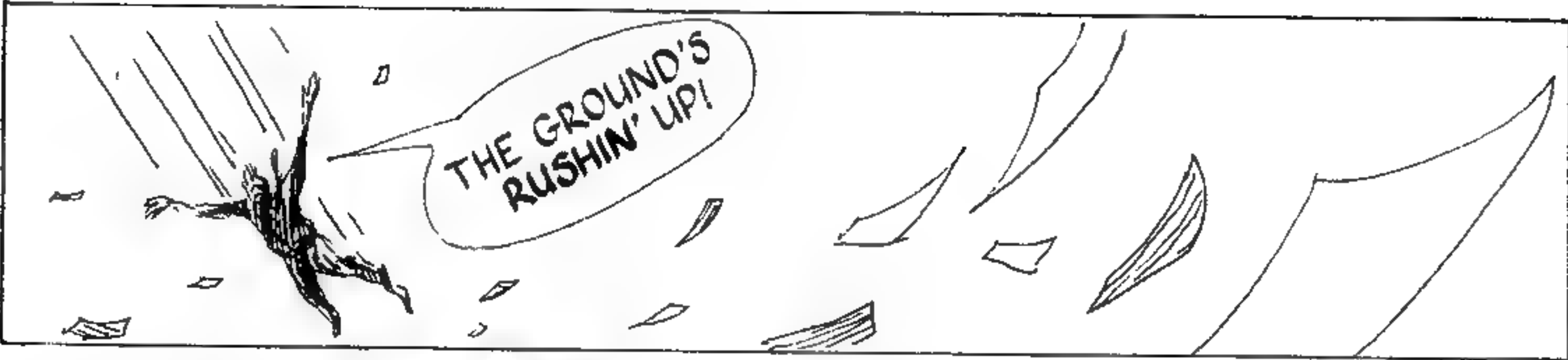


I'M IN  
THE SAME  
SPOT I AWAKE  
AT!

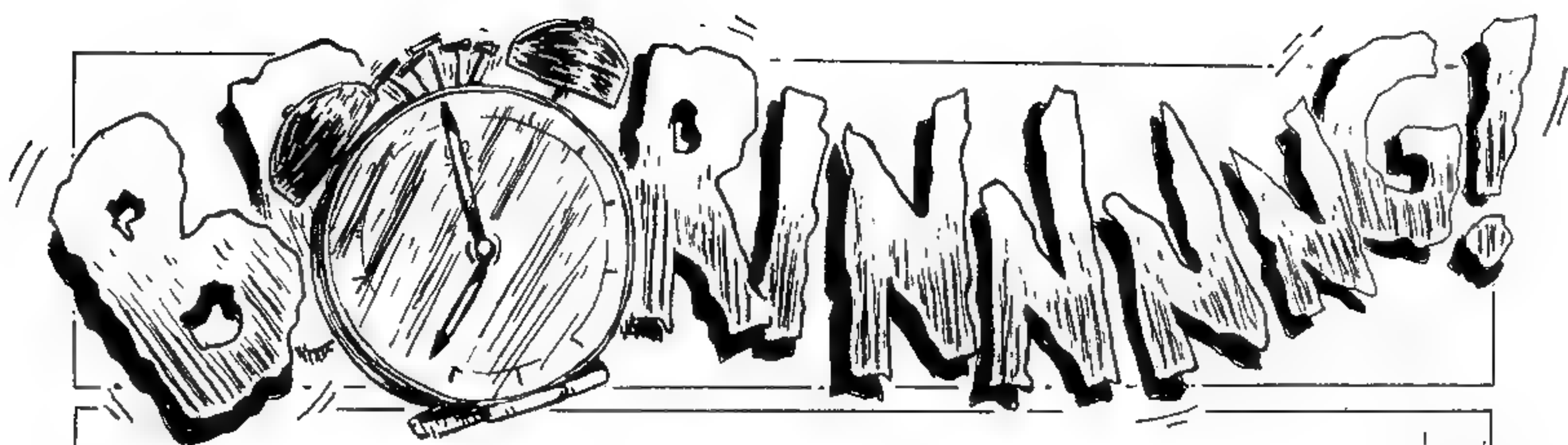


I CAN'T  
STOP  
MYSELF!









END.







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